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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

THE LAMENT of TASSO, by LORD BYRON.

It is one of the pleasant facilities of which we shall always be most happy to avail ourselves, to be enabled to assert our claim to pre-eminence as a literary Journal, by anticipating public curiosity and gratifying public interest in matters which are no sooner hinted at than these feelings propagate themselves like flame or pestilence. Such is our grateful task in bringing our readers acquainted with a new Poem by Lord Byron, which will be preceded in general publication by this No. of the Literary Gazette.

In a more unkindly frame of mind towards the Noble Author than we were ever conscious of before, for we had just finished another reading of Manfred, which revived the "Farewells," and all the other painful emotions connected with his name, we took up the Lament of Tasso. But admiration soon overpowered every other sensation, and we are bold to assert, that this short poem of some two hundred and fifty lines, contains as brilliant passages as any preceding work from the same hand, (*heart*, we fancy we should say,) without a verse to dislike, or a sentiment to offend. Had Lord Byron never written any thing else, there is immortality in these dozen pages.

Tasso, it need scarcely be told, was for his boldness in aspiring to the love of the Princess Leonora, of the Sovereign House of Este, declared to be insane, and confined in the Hospital of St. Anna at Ferrara. Lord Byron has visited his cell, and this Lament which he breathes through his person, is worthy of either the real or the assumed Bard.

It sets out by dwelling on the consolations which long years of solitary imprisonment had derived from the composition of the Gierusalemme. This glorious work had glorified his dungeon. But this is o'er—my pleasant task is done:—My long-sustaining friend of many years! If I do blot thy final page with tears, Know, that my sorrows have wrung from me none.

But thou, my young Creation! my soul's child! Which ever playing round me came and smiled, And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight, Thou, too, art gone—and so is my delight: And therefore do I weep and inly bleed With this last bribe upon a broken reed.

We are acquainted with nothing of more eloquent grief and nature than this:—he then alludes to his love, and amid

the plainings of suffering, the following fine thought occurs:

But let them go, or torture as they will,
My heart can multiply thine image still;
Successful love may sate itself away,
The wretched are the faithful.

The next passage which struck us as eminently beautiful, is one descriptive of a Mad-house:

I have been patient, let me be so yet;
I had forgotten half I would forget,
But it revives—oh! would it were my lot
To be forgetful as I am forgot!
Feel I not wroth with those who bade me dwell
In this vast Lazar-house of many woes?
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,
Nor words a language, nor even men mankind;
Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to blows,
And each is tortured in his separate hell—
For we are crowded in our solitudes—
Many, but each divided by the wall,
Which echoes Madness in her babbling moods;
While all can hear, none heed his neighbour's call—
None! save that one

Feel I not wroth with those who placed me here?

No!—still too proud to be vindictive—I
Have pardoned Princes' insults, and would die.
Yes, sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,
It hath no business where thou art a guest;
Thy brother hates—but I can not detest;
Thou pittest not—but I can not forsake.

There is something so truly poetical in the apology of the bard for lifting his love so high, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting it.

It is no marvel—from my very birth
My soul was drunk with love, which did pervade
And mingle with what'er I saw on earth;
Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
Whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did lay me down within the shade
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted hours.

The only passage which does not entirely meet our approbation, occurs after this; the comparison in verse VII seems to us to be beneath the fine tone of the rest of the poem, and the four last lines to convey an image only striking in the antithesis of language; and verse VIII verges a little too near the Powers of Evil which deform Manfred with horrid splendor. But we have been too much delighted to dwell on these slight specks—we will rather conclude with beauties—I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;—My scars are callous, or I should have dashed My brain against these bars as the sun flashed In mockery through them.

He abjures self-destruction, as it would confirm the base fabrication of his enemies, and blight his name; and prophetically exclaims,

No—it shall be immortal!—and I make
A future temple of my present cell,
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall down,
And crumbling piece-meal view thy heartless halls,

A poet's wreath shall be thine only crown,
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,
While strangers wander o'er thy unpeopled walls!
And thou Leonora.

And Thou—when all that Birth and Beauty
throws
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have
One half the laurel which o'er shades my grave,
No power in death can tear our names apart,
As none in life could rend thee from my heart.
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

Would to Heaven Lord Byron always wrote in this style; that he always chose subjects congenial to the most sublime poetic feeling; and left the mysteries of darkness and guilt to men whose genius was like their themes. How glorious would be his reward from an admiring world!

SIBYLLINE LEAVES, a COLLECTION of POEMS; by S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq.

Announcing that he must henceforward devote himself to far different studies—

Ita hinc, Camenae! Vos quoque ite soaves,
Dulces Camenae! Nam fatebimur verum,
Dulces finistis!—Et tamen meas chartas
Revisitote: sed pudenter et raro!

Mr. Coleridge has this week bequeathed to the public not only the above strangely christened work, but also another in two volumes, called "Biographia Literaria or Biographical Sketches of my Literary Life and Opinions." From the late period of the week at which these publications issued from the press, we have only had time to dip so cursorily into the latter as to discover, that it is, where not metaphysical, an entertaining production, whether with reference to what is to be laughed with or to be laughed at in its contents, and shall therefore dismiss its analysis till our next Number. The Sibylline Leaves we think we may do justice to in our present.

"Sibylline," says our Dictionary, "of or belonging to a Sibyl or Prophetess;" the word cannot therefore, we hope, be appropriated by Mr. Coleridge, who is not so humble a poet as to assume, voluntarily, the character of an old woman.

Written for last Saturday's Gazette, but omitted in consequence of the press of other matter.

But on refreshing our classic memory we grasp the very essence and soul of this mysterious title. The Sibyl wrote her prophecies on leaves; so does Mr. Coleridge his verses—the prophecies of the Sibyl became incomprehensible, if not instantly gathered; so does the sense of Mr. Coleridge's poetry; the Sibyl asked the same price from Tarquin for her books when in 9, 6, and 3 volumes; so does Mr. Coleridge for his, when scattered over sundry publications, and now as collected into one—as soon as the Sibyl had concluded her bargain she vanished; and was seen no more in the regions of Cumæ; so does Mr. Coleridge assure us he will be seen no more, on Parnassus—the Sibylline books were preserved by Kings, had a College of Priests to take care of them, and were so esteemed by the people, that they were very seldom consulted; even so does Mr. Coleridge look to delight Monarchs, his book will be treasured by the Eleven Universities, and we venture to suppose that it will be treated by the public, quoad frequent perusal, pretty much in the same way with the ravings of his Archetypes.

We put it to the reader, if we have not cleanly unriddled the title-page of "Sibylline Leaves," though we do not thank the author for allotting us time-pressed Critics the trouble of turning over Varro, Elian, Diodorus, Pliny, Lucan, Ovid, Sallust, Cicero, and even Pausanias and Plato, for the manifestation of his recondite enigmas.

Having fortunately surmounted the stumbling-block on the threshold of this volume, we come to the Preface, whence we learn that it contains the whole of the author's poetical compositions from 1793 to the present date, except a few works not yet finished, (Heaven defend us from more of Christabel!!!) and some juvenile poems, over which he has no controul. Preface furthermore requests us to divide these Poems into three classes, viz. 1st. those originally published in Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads; 2d. those originally published in various obscure or (alas!) perishable Journals; and 3d. and last, those really original from MSS. With this request we would gladly comply, (as it seems to be of much importance to the writer;) but as no clue is furnished whereby we can unravel the complexity of the labyrinth, we are compelled to take the Poems, unclassified, in the way they are divided and subdivided on the Sibylline Leaves, price ten and sixpence.

From the manner in which we speak of this publication, it will scarcely be anticipated that we intend to enter at all

into the question which every production of the school to which it belongs invariably raises, i. e. whether it is poetry or drivelling, the true and genuine effusion of unsophisticated nature, or the very babbling of imbecility, mistaking meanness for simplicity, and the most ludicrous grotesque for the best, because the nearest resembling, portrait of Reality. We will leave the determination of this case to those who consider it of more interest than we do; and proceed very briefly to give an account of the volume before us. The Preface goes on fidgeting and fighting with the world or somebody in it, ascribing malevolence and worthlessness, and all uncharitableness to a person or persons unknown, and decidedly disproving an assertion in the Biographia, wherein Mr. C. affirms, that authors (particularly Poets,) are neither irritable nor revengeful!! In the body of the work we have two school-boy poems, and as one of them is really about the most amusing of the whole, we shall annex it as a favourable specimen. Then comes the Ancient Mariner, in seven parts, whimsically indexed on the margin, like a history. The next division consists of Poems on Political Events, of which we do not remember to have seen before a pretty long one, with a much longer circumstantial "apologetical" detail in prose of the how, when, and wherefore it was written, entitled, (horrible to read,) "*Fire, Famine, and Slaughter!*" Melting down from the terrible, the ensuing division is "Love Poems,"—but oh! such love! One of them is to an "*unfortunate woman at the Theatre,*" and begins—

"*Maiden that with sullen brow;*" and *be-maidening* the miserable prostitute all through the piece. From love we come to Meditative Poems, in blank verse (such *loves* often produce cause for reflection!) and wind up with Odes and Miscellanies. Among these varieties there seems to us to be very little of novelty, though we cannot charge ourselves with having perused all Mr. Coleridge's productions formerly published. There is a fragment of a Sexton's Tale, "*The Three Graves,*" remarkable for illustrating the style in language and the style of thought which distinguish the Bards of the Lakes. We gather that it is tragical from there being three graves, but are not informed whose graves they are, except we can guess as shrewdly as Lord Stanley. A widow conceives a violent passion for her daughter's received lover, who rejects her, and she pours down a horrible maternal curse, not only on her rival child, but on another daughter with whom she lives on terms of sisterly affection. This

curse makes a dreadful impression on the minds of the children, and ultimately consigns them to superstition and misery. In the telling of this story, we have all the characteristics of the author. There is the close alliance of beauty and deformity; the union of fine poetical thought with the most trivial commonplace; feeling bound to vulgarity; dignity of language to the vilest doggerel—in fine, it resembles the horrid punishment of barbarism which linked dead and living bodies together, and gave the vital spark to perish with the rotting carcass. An example will suffice—Mary complains with much native sweetness, though by no comparison the finest passage:—

My sister may not visit us,
My Mother says her nay:
O Edward! you are all to me,
I wish for your sake I could be
More lifesome and more gay.

I'm dull and sad! indeed, indeed
I know I have no reason!
Perhaps I am not well in health,
And 'tis a gloomy season.

Ellen, the sister, however, does visit them, and thus meanly does the poet tell us so:—

Oh! Ellen was a faithful friend,
More dear than any sister!
As cheerful too as singing lark;
And she ne'er left them till 'twas dark,
And then—(why then)—they always
miss'd her!

Again,

Well! it passed off! the gentle Ellen
Did well nigh dote on Mary;
And she went oftener than before,
And Mary loved her more and more—(An
utteration.)

(Grand Climax) She managed all the Dairy!!!

Eheu jam satis! Trifles are swelled into importance, and important things shorn into trifles, the sublime and the ridiculous have not even a step between them; and the pathetic and the silly, the sensible and the absurd, are so disgustingly dovetailed together, that we have not patience with the artizan. We have, however, promised one of the school-boy poems, and we add it.

THE RAVEN,

A Christmas Tale, told by a School-boy to his little Brothers and Sisters.

Underneath a huge oak tree
There was, of swine, a huge company,
That grunted as they crunched the mast;
For that was ripe, and fell full fast.
Then they trotted away, for the wind grew high:
One acorn they left, and no more might you spy.
Next came a Raven, that liked not such folly:
He belong'd, it was said, to the Witch Melancholy!
Blacker was he than blackest jet,
Flew low in the rain, and his feathers not wet,
He pick'd up the acorn and buried it strait
By the side of a river both deep and great.
Where then did the raven go?
He went high and low,
Over hill, over dale, did the black Raven go.

Many autumns, many springs
 Travell'd he with wandering wings,
 Many summers, many winters—
 I can't tell half his adventures.

At length he came back, and with him a she,
 And the acorn was grown to a tall oak tree.

They built them a nest on the topmost bough,
 And young ones they had and were happy
 enow.

But soon came a woodman, in leathern guise,
 His brow, like a pent-house, hung over his
 eyes.

He'd an ax in his hand, not a word he spoke,
 But with many a hem! and a sturdy stroke,
 At length he brought down the poor Raven's
 own oak.

His young ones were kill'd: for they could not
 depart,
 And their mother did die of a broken heart.

The boughs from the trunk the woodman did
 sever—

And they floated it down on the course of the
 river.

They saw'd it in planks, and its bark they did
 strip,

And with this tree and others they made a good
 ship.

The ship, it was launch'd; but in sight of the
 land

Such a storm there did rise as no ship could
 withstand.

It bulg'd on a rock, and the waves rushed in
 fast:

The old Raven flew round and round, and caw'd
 to the blast.

He heard the last shriek of the perishing souls—
 See! See! o'er the topmast the mad water rolls!

Right glad was the Raven, and off he went
 fleet,

And Death riding home on a cloud he did meet,
 And he thank'd him again and again for this
 treat:

They had taken his all, and revenge was sweet!
 We must not think so; but forget and forgive,
 And what Heaven gives life to, we'll still let it
 live.

The SECOND PART of ARMATA.

The Noble Lord who is responsible for these Armatas, first and second, is a native of the North, and seems to have taken his idea of a book from a dish no doubt familiar to his childhood, and well known on the other side of the Tweed by the name of *Hotch Potch*. The ingredients of Hotch Potch, however, are all simples; we cannot say so much for the ingredients of this publication.

As in No. 7 of the LITERARY GAZETTE there was rather a glance taken at some of the most objectionable doctrines in Part the First, than a regular analysis of its contents, we shall now do the author more justice, by describing (though it must be briefly) his topics and opinions in Part the Second. We may premise, that the same frame is preserved for hanging his sketches; and that we cannot help considering him as unhappy in this respect. The wild and unnecessary fiction of being wrecked on an unknown region, casts an air of ridicule over what is meant to be serious, and is

yet too dull to add one sparkle to what seems intended for humour. Armata and England, London and Swaloal, are so intertwined, that it is as troublesome to distinguish the metaphorical from the direct allusion so everlastingly clashing throughout the volume, as it is difficult to perceive why they should have been nominally separated. Fiction and sober truth are indeed every where too intimately blended, and the mind experiences a disagreeable sensation in being bandied about so incessantly and violently from one extreme to the other, for

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
 Loyal, and neutral, in a moment? no man:—
 confusion and alienation are the sure returns to any demand upon human attention, at once so complicated, causeless, and absurd.

But the medley is not limited to the introductory patch; it pervades the work, and the reader is puzzled at every page to tell whether it is facetious or grave, though he may safely pronounce that it is neither witty nor profound. We would rather apply the line to the book, than to the writer, but the song will not suffer it, and the author, in his Armata at least, must abide by the quotation, as

"Too dull for a wit, too grave for a joker."

Entirely of this character is the early portion of the present volume, which descants on the want of distinction in dress among the higher and lower ranks in Armata, and treats as a good jest the equipment of the writer in the clothes of a barber instead of the habiliments of a peer. For our parts, we have seen peers so like barbers, whatever clothes they wore, that we could not perceive the point of the story, unless it were *personal*, which the Preface disclaims.

Fitted in the barber's suit, the author, accompanied by a young Armatan of fashion, sets out for Swaloal, the capital. The post-horses are driven at speed, and the Noble Lord mounts his hobby. Of course we have a long discussion on cruelty to animals. Presto! fabled Armata is real England. Mr. Windham's celebrated speech on Lord Erskine's bill in the House of Commons, is ascribed to "insanity quoad hoc," and completely misrepresented. Far be it from us to deny or question, or rather not to applaud the humane motives of the Noble Lord in this measure, but we confess it ever appeared to us to be only an amiable weakness; and the speech of Mr. Windham, which we had the good fortune to hear (a rare good fortune we must esteem it, for it was delivered at a very late hour, and never reported with even

an approach to substance,) did so exquisitely dissect its sentimental absurdity and utter want of keeping with all the other laws and usages of the country, that it was impossible it should ever lift its head after the stabs ("the least a death to nature,") inflicted by his keen wit, unanswerable ridicule, and brilliant, but not the less conclusive, logic. We pass by the little harmless egotism in which the author indulges on this topic.

From the afflictions of the post-horses and his excited sympathies, we are forwarded to a satire well directed against the abandonment of their charming country mansions by the great, for the dust, and heat, and abomination of town residence during summer;—to the recommendation that men-traps should be used with caution;—and to the disparagement of a pack of hounds—the author's canine philanthropy not extending beyond one suspected puppy! As there is nothing either very novel, or very deep, or very amusing in these common-places, we shall not prolong them by our notice. But before we have reached so far in the perusal of Armata, we are startled with one matter; which, before we arrive at the conclusion, becomes painfully offensive. We allude to the gross levity with which the most sacred passages of Scripture, the name of God, and the functions and attributes of the Saviour of the world, are mixed up with subjects not only unimportant, but ludicrous and profane. It is insufferable to read in one page such execrations of a young Blood, as "Damn all trees and shrubs"—"they smell damnably,"—and "friends of mine! damn me if I ever saw one of them before to-night:"—in another, so dangerous an illustration as the following, of a position laid down respecting the dormancy of virtuous minds under the influence of some ruling passion: "the divine eloquence of the sacred Scripture, casts into the deepest shade every possible illustration: we there see a highly gifted Sovereign living in such general purity, as to have been said to walk after God's own heart, yet sleeping in peace amidst the complicated crimes of cruelty, adultery, and murder," (page 39.)—and in a third, so blasphemous a comparison of the gas lights at a Lord Mayor's gorge, as to liken their illumination to the divine command of Omnipotence—"And God said, let there be light, and there was light!!!!"

There is even a stronger proof of bad taste than of the absence of proper religious feeling in this pernicious style. The train of reflection it awakens is quite incompatible with that light reading which

chiefly occupies Armata. We could as soon crack jokes on a mouldering corpse, as leap from the awful appeals scattered through these leaves to the jests with which they are conterminous. Sacred things are indeed prostrated, but mean things are not raised by the companionship, and far less are caricatures exalted, or irony dignified, or whim sobered, by the shocking contrast.

While we pronounce this censure, we may be allowed to express our firm belief, that it belongs to an erroneous habit in the noble author, and in no degree to a want of either moral perception or devout and Christian sentiment. We have been loth to notice the subject; but neither our feelings nor our duty would permit us to leave it in silence, or to treat it otherwise.

Were not the politics of Armata on a par with its scriptural freedoms, we should gladly pass at once from that blame, which we must, to that praise, which we would, bestow; but to have a hundred pages filled with dry party dissertation,—with an olla of the author's speeches in the Upper House, in which the Habeas Corpus Act Suspension, the Abridgement of the Statute Books, the Police of the Metropolis, Mendicity, Chimney-sweeping, together with the magnitude of the Theatres, Steam Engines, Law Courts, Telescopes, &c. &c. &c. are hashed up together, is rather too severe a trial of patience. Upon all these points the writer shows himself to be a *modern Liberal*; and though there are several of them in which we agree with him in principle, it is rather a remarkable fact, that there is scarcely one of them to which we could assent upon his deductions. We have said, that the politics and ethics of this book are on a level; as a proof, we appeal, among many examples, to pages 132 and 192—205: "What spectacle," says the former, "can be more sublime than to see a blind system of jealous and arbitrary dominion carried on through the profligate and corrupting agency of spies in every part of the kingdom, receive as it were a DEATH-BLOW from twelve honest men, indifferently chosen out of the undistinguished mass of our people!" We can imagine a thousand spectacles more sublime; though we cannot imagine any charge more false, or any construction more disorganizing, than those involved in this paragraph. The irreverent use of what is most sacred, we have already reproved; but further illustration will be found at the pages just quoted. In the former there is a sweeping accusation of perjury against Ben-

ficed Clergymen, and in the latter we have the annexed burlesque.

The writer is approaching the narrow channel which connects his fancied world with ours—

"It was as black as Hell, and the sounds which re-echoed between the rocks were hideous and distracting.—My crew (though Armatan sailors) were for a moment discomfited by this scene of horror; but I reminded them, that God was in the whirlwind as in the Zephyr, and a song and a drum soon settled all their fears."

There is no such want of decorum in De Foe's admirable *Crasoe*, upon which this fable is modelled. The apparent truth of his narrative is only strengthened by those moral and religious lessons which are naturally introduced in a history apparently so genuine, and having no mixture of buffoonery. But with our noble author they are incongruous, and, we are sure it must be confessed, exceedingly misplaced by the side of the ludicrous and satirical.

The most entertaining and well-written parts of Armata, in our opinion, are those ridiculing the dusty and crowded rides in a particular road in the park, while all its delightful lawn is deserted,—describing the nuisance of jammed and constipated routes,—and exposing the tricks of street-beggars, though the latter is not much altered from Massinger. The following is a clever sketch of antiquated Fashionables—

"I know fifty, aye a hundred, women who are far above eighty, and though constantly in mobs from night to morning, without ever seeing the sun for months together, nor ever desiring to see him, yet continue to set death and disease at defiance. Fashion, therefore, my dear friend, gives birth to a species of mummy, which the Egyptians you once told me of never knew."

We shall now take our leave of Armata, the blemishes of which we have freely, but not harshly pointed out. Its great defect seems to be the too close union of the grave and gay, through which it is rendered too trivial for solid argument on serious subjects, and too dull for amusement on light ones. Add to this the mawkish and morbid sentimentality of these *liberal* times, and the picture of the production is complete.

A PICTURESQUE TOUR THROUGH FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, on the Banks of the RHINE, and through part of the NETHERLANDS, in 1816.

After all the Tours with which the public has recently been inundated, the Letters to Kinsfolk, the Visits, the Re-visits, the Residences, the Journals, the Essays, the Excursions, the Pictures, the Observations of Ladies, and of Gentlemen, and of Waiting Women, and of

Philosophers, and of Ignoramuses, and of Artists, and of Politicians—after all the points of view into which France has been turned for the information of wiser people who staid at home to enjoy them, we scarcely expected another slip to the Travelling Camera Obscura, when lo! there appears the *Picturesque*. To look for much novelty in such a work, would be to expect grain from the refuse of a thrashing machine; but it is something to have even what we know placed in an agreeable and amusing light. The present volume achieves, probably aimed at, no more. We can neither say that the style is good; or the remarks profound; or the descriptions accurate; but there is no demand upon the mind for depth, and we skim over the surface without trouble. There are occasional anecdotes to relieve the itinerary, which is not sufficiently distinct or vivid to merit the appellation of picturesque; though towards the end of the work the author's powers expand with the scenes of Switzerland and the Rhine. The language is, as we have stated, very careless in many passages; and it would have been well to have corrected the construction of a number of sentences before laying the work before the critical tribunals. The inaccuracy, or we might say more properly in several instances the incomplete, descriptions, those who have visited the Continent will readily detect. Thus the Cathedral at Amiens is painted as if it were perfect, and had met with no dilapidation during the Revolution. The idea of this noble structure conveyed to the reader is therefore imperfect, as is testified by the universal mutilations which its interior, especially, has experienced. Page 25, we are told that the Vine first occurs beyond Clermont—this is not the fact.—The indifference of the drivers of carriages in Paris (page 36,) to the lives of pedestrians, is an exaggeration.—The truth is, that accidents of this sort are exceedingly rare in that capital, though nothing but extreme care could prevent their frequency in those dark, narrow, and nasty streets. But it is needless to multiply examples of this kind, or of the credulity of our Tourist, who gravely narrates that a Cossack having stolen a shawl on the Boulevards, a Russian officer detected him, and punished the theft by instant death, without trial or inquiry—for he "immediately ordered the Cossack to turn his back, through which he thrust his sword; he then mounted his horse and rode away, without any apparent concern!!!"

Were this a production calculated to provoke controversy, we would strenu-

ously deny the position laid down (p. 21), that "persons who dwell in towns have a great superiority in point of comfort and accommodation over those who live in the country." In our opinion the very reverse of this is universally the case, and the privations of the country life bear no comparison to the wretchedness of cities.

There is a sort of catalogue of the chief statues and pictures which were in the Louvre, and which have often been so much better described, that this critique might have been spared, especially as it is only the recollection of a former visit. Upon the whole, however, this is a pleasing enough Breakfast-Table Companion, and as such may justly be recommended to our readers generally, and still more strongly to those who mean themselves to take an improving trip to the land of politeness.

AN ADDRESS to the RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON, by F. H. B.

This is a piece of very good advice to the Noble Author of *Manfred*, *Childe Harold*, &c.—more sound than poetical, and better intentioned than executed. But in truth it was impossible to be very poetical on a subject which claims the strongest prose for its treatment, and cannot be discussed in verse, however nervous. The address, nevertheless, possesses one inestimable merit—it is short; not much more than a hundred lines: so that if his Lordship is not amended, he surely cannot be tired by it. The last six lines afford a fair specimen of its matter and manner:

O! favor'd of the Muse! Byron! the gift
The sacred gift, beware how you pervert!
Employ'd aright, thy soul on high 'twill lift.—
Miss'd, thy Heav'n into deep Hell convert!
To chuse, yet thine—oh, pause ere thou decide,
Thy life, or death, thy present choice abide!

In the propriety of Lord Byron's writing on the side of virtue, or becoming the organ of celestial didactics, we beg leave to differ from F. H. B.: in the first case he would wrong the bent of his genius, and in the second bedevil all that has heretofore been considered heavenly.—No, let his Lordship stick to crime, and ruffians, and pirates, and murderers—with these his Muse is at home; revels, delights, and terrifies:—ne sutor ultra crepidam, is as old as Pliny, and an excellent maxim.

N. B. We could retract this sentence since reading the lament of Tasso.

EXTRACT from the *Journal of the Circumnavigator* OTTO VON KOTZBUE, sent to his Father. Communicated by the latter.—*Komschatka*, 10th June 1816.

(Continued.)

On the 20th of April I had the pleasure to

make the first indisputably new discovery. It was an Island something like the former, only three miles' long, but beautifully adorned with cocoa trees, loaded with fruit. I sent Lieutenant Sacharin with orders to land, but he found it impossible because of the surf. Two sailors swam ashore, and brought a few cocoa nuts, of uncommon size. They did not see any inhabitants, but a braided cord fastened on a pole on the shore showed that it had been visited. I determined to lie-to during the night, and at all events to land the next morning. For this purpose a raft was prepared no larger than for one man. Boards and spars, which we had in plenty, were very welcome for this purpose, and the raft was soon finished. At break of day I approached nearer to the Island. Half a mile from the shore to leeward the long boat was let down. Accompanied by my naturalists, I left the ship in two boats with the raft. But on approaching nearer I found it impossible to land in boats, and was rejoiced at having thought of the raft, with the help of which we landed in the following manner. The boats anchored at a little distance from the beach. Two sailors, who were good swimmers, took hold of the end of a rope and swam with it on shore. The other end of the same rope we kept and fastened to our boats. Now the communication was made; for with the help of this rope, the man standing on the raft could draw himself on shore. When he had landed safely, the raft was drawn back again by a second rope, and we all followed the same plan successively; though to land in this manner was not very easy, as we were obliged to plunge with the raft into the surf, and then suffer ourselves to be thrown with a wave on shore, and then we had still to make a considerable leap from the raft to the coral bank. That we got wet through and through, was in this hot climate the smallest inconvenience. We now took a walk through the whole Island, which resembled a handsome garden. A great many parrots and other birds surrounded us, and did not seem to be in the least afraid. Every where stood cocoa trees full of fruit, which, without doubt, now for the first time refreshed European travellers. The farther we went into the Island the more traces of inhabitants did we observe; here and there a boat, an abandoned hut, &c. Many well-beaten foot paths led in all directions. Every moment we expected to meet with inhabitants, but we saw none. On our return also, after we had traversed the Island from North to South, we saw many huts, and some places on the shore where very likely people had been fishing, as we concluded from the poles which were stuck up to spread the nets upon. At last we even found several wells carefully dug, full of sweet water of a pure taste, although it could only be rain water. The Island must either be inhabited, or frequently visited by the neighbouring savages. It is distinguished from all the other coral islands, by having no lake in the middle.

The walk lasted four hours; our bo-

¹ The miles here meant are German miles, 15 to a degree.

tanists made good use of it, and returned richly loaded. After we had all assembled on the beach I ordered wine, the health of Count Romanzoff was drank, and the Island received his name; the imperial Russian flag waved on the boats, and the Rurik fired a salute; after this ceremony we all returned on board the ship. Romanzoff's Island lies in the latitude of 14° 57' 30", and in the longitude 144° 28' 30"; doubtless in the neighbourhood of Sonderground, the inhabitants of which probably often visit it.

On the 22d of April I discovered another very low Island 11 miles' long and three miles broad, in the middle of which is a lake. We sailed half a mile from shore, but saw no trace of people nor any cocoa trees; it is doubtless uninhabited; I gave it the name of Spiridoff from a man to whom I owe great obligations. On the 23rd of April I steered for Palliser's Islands, and discovered to the S. E. of them a new chain of Islands. If you cast a look on my map and reckon that all the coral islands cannot be seen from the mast-head at a greater distance than 15 miles' at the most, one may easily conceive how it could happen that Cook did not see this chain, which stretches in a singular manner through the ocean. Coral reefs connect together the little thickly wooded islands. I only saw palms on the N. E. point. When we reached in the evening the West side, the length of the chain, without reckoning the bendings, amounted to 40 miles; but now the land suddenly bent towards the North-East, and then to the West, and was lost in the distance from our view. As this part was to windward of me, I was obliged to leave unexamined both this and other islands which were seen from the mast-head, when we were off the South point, because the loss of time would have been too great. I gave this chain the name of "Rurik's-chain."

On the 24th I discovered, not far from the Drans Islands, a group of little coral islands, 13 miles long, which I called Krusenstern's Islands. It may be very easily known by the peculiarity that in the little lake in the middle of it there is an island thickly covered with woods. It is truly an extraordinary piece of good fortune that during my stay in this coral labyrinth the weather was uninterruptedly in my favour; else not only the Rurik would have been in great danger, (for one cannot think of anchoring here, as no bottom is to be found a few fathoms from the shore) but my map would not have been nearly so correct as I now flatter myself that it is. I steered for Bauman's Islands, reached on the 28th the place where they are stated to be, but found neither them nor those of Roggewein and Tenhove, nor indeed any sign of being near land.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

1820!!!

Orkney, 4th June, 1817.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Sir,—The being one of those gifted individuals who possess the second sight or faculty of peeping into futurity, would I am sure constitute a sufficient introduction to

your columns; but the marvellous manner in which I have recently had my prognosis confirmed, furnishes a still more irresistible claim to your attention.

Walking on the 30th of February, Sir, upon the sea-side, I beheld at about the distance of three furlongs, upon a small tabular-shaped rock which just emerged from the bosom of the heaving wave, one of those extraordinary creatures, the existence of which has been almost as much doubted by sceptics as the existence of the second sight itself, I mean a *Mermaid*, if I may so call that which appeared to be a *Mother*,¹ for she was suckling a little innocent with a tail like a gold fish and not longer than eighteen or twenty inches. Both mother and child were surpassingly beautiful. The former had a fine oval countenance, and not the less lovely from being inclined to green like some of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures, in which the colours are most evanescent. Her hair was purplish, as you may have seen the carrot-locks of mortals who had in vain attempted to dye them black, and so long that it floated on the water like a sea-weed. The bust was the finest I ever gazed upon; and though I cannot so much approve of her extremities, it is but justice to acknowledge that the whole of the fish department was radiant as a dolphin playing in the sunbeams, elastic as the flying-fish, and shapely as the salmon. Earnestly engaged in her maternal office, the oceanic lady did not heed my approach, and when she began to sing her offspring to sleep—ye gods! it was the music of the spheres or falied cadences of the expiring swan. Never was mortal man so raptured as I was. I stood transfixed in a trance of delirium, chained, like another Prometheus, to the rock nearest that of the enchanting Mermaid. In this posture it seems I first caught her eye, and whether it was that being susceptible of flattery as earthly females are said to be, or influenced by any other consideration I know not, but to some cause or other must I attribute the wonderful condescension with which she rewarded the expression of intense admiration so visible in my features.

It were needless, Sir, to occupy you with the entire conversation that ensued. Suffice it to say, that a perfectly good understanding arose between the propheticess of the sea and the seer of the earth. The Mer-child was gracefully laid to slumber upon the fin of its accomplished parent while she unfolded to me the drama of the future.

It may be proper to explain to you that my sight is limited to somewhere about seven hundred and thirty days, beyond which my perceptions of futurity are dim and uncertain. But my fair companion darted her easy glance into years, it may be into ages, far removed. Curiosity is most excited by proximate objects. I cared little for 1930, but 1830 arrived just at the end of my own vista, and I regarded with peculiar attention the exposition of that year as successive seasons were unfolded to me in the glass of my wonderful acquaintance. This glass, by the way, and I am happy to set at

rest so important a point in natural history, is a perfect sphere and not an oval plano, as hitherto represented by the pretenders to Mermaid intercourse. Upon its transparent face the lines of January 1831 were just opening upon my eye, when the report of a duck-gun startled my ear. In an instant my instructress vanished beneath the billow, and what became of her glass I know not, though from the unwelcome entrance of about an ounce of shot (No. 1, Mr. Editor!) into my body, I am inclined to suspect that she also got a few drops too much, and that her glass was shattered. For some moments I was not aware of being wounded; but when the sportsmen started from behind a precipice where they had couched for the benefit of a surer aim, I perceived the whole nature and extent of my misfortune. Painful as was my situation in every respect, the denouement had something ludicrous in it. I was peppered and that soundly too, and the shooters, my personal friends, with all their assumed concern could not help laughing heartily at the mode in which they had interrupted my tete-a-tete with the Mermaid.

But no more of this. I hasten to lay before you as much of the history of the year *Eighteen Hundred and Twenty* as I can collect; many important matters having I fear slipped my memory during the three months I have been smarting under the hands of the surgeon and those benevolent friends who have from time to time had the kindness to devote an hour to the amusement of picking the shots out of the carcase of your unfortunate humble servant,

DONALD MACDARTGLANESON.

1820!

¹ The King's palace looked quite bare and unfurnished:—there had been a clamour against the expense of chairs and tables for it, and the sovereign had reduced his establishment to Spartan plainness. I naturally took a peep to observe how wretched the prisons must now be, but judge my surprise on finding every gaol glittering with mirrors, rich with Turkey carpets and sofas, and some of them even adorned with noble corridors and the most transcendent paintings, with lawns for exercise, theatres for concerts and private performances, and all that taste could devise for the gratification of luxury. On inquiry I found that this change had taken place in consequence of the exertions of a great statesman of the name of *Benedict*, and that the most magnificent of the buildings I saw were for *State Prisoners*, so called from the state in which they were maintained.

I turned to examine the Church. Astonishing! Each venerable pile was surrounded by a number of appendage buildings, like a hen and chicken daisy; these were chapels of ease which had been added at the suggestion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1817. St. Paul's cut a most extraordinary figure with its adjuncts, which reached all over what was once Paternoster

¹ Our Correspondent's letter here assumes the form of loose Notes, apparently the result of his examination of the glass, and the explanations of its proprietor.

Row, and Satan was now defied where Printers' Devils had reigned so long. The interior of the National Church was however even more transformed than the exterior. The light of reason had at last succeeded in attaining perfect toleration: The Archbishop of Canterbury was a very zealous Roman Catholic—the Chancellor of the Exchequer a worthy Jew, with a fine beard, and a great financier—the first Lord of the Admiralty an Anabaptist who baptized the crew of his fleets over the ships' sides—the first Lord of the Bedchamber a strict Methodist—the Lord Chancellor a Southcottian with the guardianship of many Shilohs—and the Commander in Chief a Quaker!

A grand reform had taken place in Parliament. There was a general election every month. Men had two votes, children one, and women three. Nine tenths of the members were consequently females, a few males standing for the Boroughs. The Speaker this month (April) was Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke, whose intrigues had elevated her to that high situation.

There was a Levee. I took a peep. The chief presentations consisted of Missionaries returned from proselytizing Asia, Africa, and America. Their suites were the most splendid that can be imagined, and composed of black, copper, tawny, grey, yellow, red, blue, pink, green, and carnation coloured natives of every clime in the universe. Their wives were superbly dressed, and their concubines and seragios still more magnificently. Some of these were blazing in diamonds.

At the Cabinet Council after the ceremony, dispatches from Tombuctoo were laid before his Majesty. A storm had wrecked several vessels in the Niger between Wangara and Bergou, and a gang of carpenters were ordered to be dispatched to assist the King of Tuarek in repairing them. There were also indifferent intelligence from Nubia and Darfur. The canal for carrying the Nile out of its course so as to avoid the cataracts, had however been completed under the inspection of that able engineer Mr. —.

The provincial halls for the meetings of political delegates were just roofed in—a letter from America offered to bet 100 dollars that the writer would return to England by next fall.

The exhibition of the Royal Academy was open, and consisted entirely of portraits. An essay from the pen of the learned Sir Syrophant Flatter, Knt. having proved to the conviction of the nation that portraiture was the truest, highest, nicest, and most interesting branch of the art. The sculpture-room was full of busts—that of architecture with plans of prisons and elevations of monuments to living merit.

Drury-Lane Theatre after being shut two seasons was opened for three sermons to be preached by Mr. Chalmers. Boxes, pit, and galleries, a bumper. At Covent Garden there was a piece performed by dogs and monkeys; it was bespoke by Prince George Augustus Coburg, now nearly three years old, who was rapturously greeted by the audience, and seemed much pleased with the

¹ In terrene affairs this species of misnomer is not uncommon.

entertainments. The actors certainly exerted themselves to the utmost, especially that old public favourite Mr. Jacko. An apology was made for Tobina, the successor of the learned pig, who was to have danced a waltz to a wind instrument, but was prevented by a cholicky complaint. The last bulletin was however favourable.

An advertisement announces that Professor Davy has nearly perfected his recent invention of the "Salamander Great Coat, which enables the wearer to walk at his ease through the flames of burning houses." The happiest results are expected from this discovery. The same paper notices that the steam apparatus for working questions in fluxions and algebra, has already sold nineteen thousand; the steam wings are ready for the new expedition, and General — has almost recovered from the bursting of his boiler.

Bridges with the arches inverted are not so universal as they would be, as tunnels seem to meet with greater encouragement. That from Dover to Calais is not expected to be complete for some time.

The greatest improvement in politics, seems to be the system of legislating entirely through the medium of newspapers. Oratory has certainly declined in consequence of this alteration; but then printing has greatly improved, and the steam Compositors and Editors may be reckoned the perfection of human ingenuity.

Dancing on all fours is now the only fashionable style. The Missionaries' ladies who introduced it still surpass native artists; but some of our belles go near to rival them, not only in the camel, buffalo, and beaver steps, but even in the tiger spring, squirrel frisk, and ape gambol. What will not British talent accomplish!

Examinations for public employments of every kind, as well as medical degrees, legal appointments, &c. being now determined by craniology, the Barbers' Company have resumed their ancient pre-eminence, and shaving in all its branches flourishes more than ever.

In consequence of the universal use of iron paving, the city of Edinburgh has been ruined, and the port of Leith which was wont to carry on so brisk a trade in the staple commodity furnished by Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, paving stones, is now a desert.

The Grand Seigneur, the Emperor of Per-

nambuco, and

oh!

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

LITHOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Dear Sir,—As you have already inserted in your interesting journal several articles on the subject of Lithography, particularly a valuable extract of the report made to the Academy of Arts and Sciences of Paris, by a Committee appointed for the purpose of examining some Lithographic prints, I think the following account may be agreeable to your readers. Without at all wishing to detract from the merit of Mr. Sennefelder in having made the discovery, or from that of Mr. Engelmann, in having so much

improved it, and practised it with a degree of success unknown before, I must observe that a discovery which seems to bear a striking analogy to the Lithographic process, was made at Strasburg, thirty-four years ago. M. Hoffmann, bailiff of Benfeld, discovered in the year 1783 a kind of ink, by the aid of which he wrote or drew on a prepared copper and produced in a few hours a great number of copies of his work. Some able draughtsmen of Paris, Messrs. Barbier, Renou, and La Grenée, delighted with this discovery, hastened to send drawings to M. Hoffmann, and it was impossible, say the accounts, to see the least difference between the originals and the copies: the most delicate touches, the spirit of the master, were given with a precision which no other process could attain. M. Hoffman succeeded in taking from a Mezzotinto plate, from four to five thousand impressions, as fine as the 4 or 500 which till that time were all that could be obtained. He even published the prospectus of a Journal which was to be rendered more interesting by the practical use of this new discovery. Each daily sheet of this Journal was to be ornamented with a new design; some event of the day before, the front of a building, the sketch of a picture, the portrait of a celebrated man, the fashions, in a word all the productions of the Arts would have furnished an endless variety of subjects. This work was to have been entitled *The Polytype Journal of the Fine Arts*. This was an excellent idea, as it would have proved by the evidence of facts the importance of the discovery. I suspect that the intended Journal never appeared, and as in all the publications upon Lithography, which I have met with, there is no mention whatever of the discovery of M. Hoffmann, I am inclined to believe that for want of encouragement this useful invention fell into neglect and oblivion; and is perhaps now irrecoverably lost. The memory of it however certainly merits to be preserved. The knowledge that such effects have been produced, though the method is lost, may lead some ingenious person, acquainted with chemical affinities, to attempt some experiment for the purpose of re-discovering so useful a process. I should be highly gratified if the little I have been able to communicate should lead to so desirable a result. I remain, Sir, your's very truly.

H. E. L.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

The steadiness of purpose which belongs to the British Character is only equalled by the unostentatiousness with which designs, however great or magnificent, are generally pursued. It is a noble thing to contemplate quiet zeal persevering in the accomplishment of grand actions;—devoted, enthusiastic, straining every nerve, and employing every engine, but at the same time unassuming, pretenceless, forgetful of the agency in the earnest prosecution of the end, and holding "the noiseless tenor of its way" with all the humility of real merit. To this source, blended with the feeling of self-interest common to human nature, we may trace the stupendous efforts of our manufacturers and

merchants; efforts which have raised the country to the summit of commercial prosperity, and presented the unparalleled spectacle of individuals uniting the wealth and munificence of princes with the labours of the counting-house and the daily diligence of the trader. To the same cast of mind in the members composing our various communities do we owe the phenomenon, grateful in one sense, but to be regretted in another,—the phenomenon of public and national bodies retiring as it were from the public and national view. Were it not that some philanthropic beings occasionally burst forward in the cause of benevolence, to struggle and to push for an object all foreign to them but in so far as it is related to humanity, we should very rarely even hear of our noblest charities: for never did people exist with such an aggregate of that spirit which does good by stealth, and blushes to find it fame. Like other countries Britain has her besetting sins; but sure the gracious quality we have just noticed is at least redemptory, and may be put in the balance to weigh against some of them in our favour.

What is so fine in principle may nevertheless furnish, as we have observed, a topic of regret in its practical result. The person who hides a natural light may rest on the amiable apology of innate modesty; but we cannot afford the same latitude to societies instituted for the benefit and improvement of mankind. We can appreciate their honourable motives, their magnanimous reliance on the excellence of their aim, their consciousness of deserving every support without seeking for any, their excusable pride in demanding voluntary co-operation as the reward of their corporate exertions and private sacrifices, rather than courting that as a favour which is due to desert; but still we think the pursuit of the general good may be advantageously carried one step further;—a community of the kind alluded to cannot debase itself, for there is nothing selfish in its object; and where the welfare of the world is the ultimate, it is impossible to be importunate or obtrusive in blazoning the cause, and rallying universal power round the standard of universal amelioration.

These remarks are drawn from us by perusing a very admirable Address delivered to the Society for the ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, and COMMERCE, at their late Annual Meeting, by their new Secretary, Mr. Arthur Aikin. The knowledge of transactions, the progress, the very nature of our highest institutions is too much confined within their own circles. The public is not enough associated with them, excited, made, at least if we may use the expression, the sleeping partner, furnishing sinews and capital in aid of the active and enterprising portion of the firm. Mr. Aikin's speech seems eminently calculated to produce this effect in one instance; but even this is limited in its sphere, and we question that it has travelled far out of the beaten path of the Society to enlighten and enlist the coun-

¹ For the printing of this we are indebted to Mr. Pearsall and Mr. John Smith, who moved and carried that point in the Society. They could not have done it or the public more essential service.

try. With this conviction we deem it to be the peculiar duty of the Literary Gazette to volunteer its alliance and strenuous support; and we are sure our readers will feel that nothing can be more congenial with the principles of this publication.

We may premise that the Society of Arts at this period consists of not fewer than one thousand seven hundred efficient members, before probably a majority of whom, and an equal number of distinguished visitors, the address was delivered. We shall merely copy the exordium.

"The members of the Society of Arts are on this day met together to assist at, and to witness the distribution of those rewards which, proposed by their several committees, they have themselves assented to and sanctioned in the course of the present session. Conscious of having, to the best of their knowledge, and as far as human infirmities will permit, pronounced an equitable and indulgent judgment on the subjects which have come before them;—desirous also of gracing this their solemnity by the presence of those whose influence on society is universally acknowledged, they have ventured to convoke the present splendid assembly. The rewards which this Society has to bestow are derived almost wholly from the moderate annual contributions of the individual members, and in a mere pecuniary point of view are comparatively of small amount; it becomes therefore a matter of importance, both to the institution which confers and to the candidates who receive these testimonies of its approbation and goodwill, that the act of distribution should be attended by all those accessory circumstances which may enhance its value."

Mr. Aikin proceeds to enlarge upon the augmented value, which rewards may derive from the manner in which they are bestowed, and applies this principle to the practice of the Society.

"A premium churlishly bestowed," says he, "is worth just as much as the gold or silver it consists of, and no more; it is a mere pecuniary gift, which, to the lowest fractional denomination, may be stated in current coin. In such a spirit this Society has never granted its rewards, and in such a spirit we trust they have never been accepted. The olive wreath of the Olympian victors, the oak leaf and acorn of ancient Rome bestowed on those who had preserved the lives of their fellow-citizens, the medals conferred by our British Universities as the appropriate and sufficient reward for abilities and attainments of the very highest order, the Copley medal of our Royal Society, not to mention the honorary badges, accorded by their grateful country to those who in these latter times of difficulty and danger have sustained the national independence at the personal risk of all that on earth can perish—these, with numerous similar examples which I need not detail, show how consonant it is to the very nature of man to be impelled to the highest exertions by the intellectual and moral motives of duty, of self-esteem, of honourable fame.

Let the Society of Arts continue to regulate its proceedings on these principles; let

it wisely and consistently bestow its rewards; let it be as liberal and discriminative of its praise, as of its money and its medals, and it will deserve a higher rank than that to which it has hitherto aspired."

The next topic of the address is, we believe, common to the occasion. It describes the formation of the Society in 1754, by Mr. William Shipley, supported by the patronage of Lord Falkstone and Lord Romney,—its gradual advance and increase of business, so as to render the appointment of committees necessary for the superintendence of separate branches,—the means taken to insure the impartial awards of its honours and encouragement, especially in respect to any competition between members and strangers,—the mode of proceeding when communications are received,—and, in general, the history of its forms and constitution, concluding as follows:

"I have thought it necessary to enter into this long and perhaps dry detail, in order that those now present who are not members may be fully aware, that the Society of Arts, in performing the duties which it has voluntarily undertaken, and which the public feeling has as voluntarily confided to its management, does in fact take every reasonable and almost superfluous precaution to insure the justice and equity of its decisions. Neither time nor trouble nor expense are spared in order that the meritorious inventions of ingenious men may be rewarded as far as the funds and reputation of the Society will admit, and be added, as a free contribution, to the public stock of knowledge for the benefit not only of our own country, but of the whole civilized world."

The number of the committees is nine, viz. The committees of accounts, miscellaneous matters, correspondence and papers, agriculture, chemistry, polite arts, manufactures, mechanics, and colonies and trade.

Of these the two first are strictly domestic. Upon the third devolves the whole detail and responsibility, not only of the literary part of the Society's transactions, but of getting drawings and sections made by competent artists from the models or machines themselves; and of selecting properly qualified engravers, and superintending the progress of their work.

The Committee of Agriculture takes cognizance of all subjects relating to horticulture; to the sowing and planting of trees, whether for timber or ornament; to the cultivation of land by the farmer, together with the implements used for that purpose; and to the breeding, improving, and taking care of live stock of every kind; as well as all the other innumerable details included under that most comprehensive term, rural economy.

It appears that in the department of Chemistry, the communications have neither been so numerous nor important as might have been expected; but a confident anticipation is, we rejoice to observe, held out that a rich offering may be hereafter looked for; and indeed when we consider the distinguished talents of the worthy Secretary himself in this branch of science, it is impossible not

to expect a very important improvement in its cultivation.

The Committee of Polite Arts, we are informed, is often associated with other committees; as in truth the polite arts do naturally form a part of every thing which is useful or ornamental in civilized life. It is therefore no mean honour to the Society of Arts, that the first public exhibition that was ever made by the artists of the British metropolis, took place in the year 1760, at their rooms; and was repeated there for several successive years. The foundation of the Royal Academy has since rendered their exertions less necessary; but still they have, and more particularly of late years, entered with greater spirit than previously into the promotion of the arts of architecture, sculpture, painting, and engraving. Mr. Aikin earnestly recommends the encouragement of the "Art of Design;" and in an able argument which our limits forbid us to quote contends for its being taken "out of the class of accomplishments;" "from the gauds and toys of a vain world," and brought, "like writing, into the common and familiar use of ordinary life." It remains to be seen what effect his reasoning may have on the Society to which it is addressed.

The 7th Committee, of Manufactures, merges almost entirely into those of Chemistry and Mechanics, and the latter evidently assumes the most important station in the Institution. Of it we are told that during the past session, so multifarious and extensive have been its duties, it has not only assembled every Thursday, but held several extraordinary meetings for the dispatch of business.

"From forty to seventy members are occupied every week, from seven o'clock in the evening to eleven and often later, in the patient and able investigation of the various subjects referred by the Society at large to this committee. Nor do the persons who thus gratuitously devote so large a proportion of their time to the public service, (says Mr. Aikin) belong to the class of idlers in society; these, how heavily soever the load of life may press upon them, are rarely found to seek their amusement in employments where there is even the appearance of business. It is well and right that this should be the case; for, with what confidence could ingenious men submit their productions, which are all of a practical nature, to the decision of those who, not being engaged in business or active study, would be wholly incompetent to deliver a correct and sound opinion on the novelty, the utility, or the ingenious contrivance of the objects laid before them? The most active, assiduous, and able of those who appear on this important committee, are men of real business; who well know the value of time, and possess generosity and public spirit enough to sacrifice so large a portion of their small leisure to the general good. To the candid decisions of such men no candidate need be ashamed to submit himself, nor doubt to experience from them that liberality of treatment which is rarely found disconnected with genius and talent."

With these appropriate remarks (as the

Committee of Colonies, &c. requires no distinct observation; we shall close our analysis, in the hope that in bringing this excellent Society more directly under the public eye through the medium of the periodical press, we shall not only have fulfilled a duty grateful to ourselves, but by diffusing this intelligence through unaccustomed channels, have promoted its interests, and with these the best interests of the British Nation.

The Society and the public at large are infinitely indebted to Mr. Aikin for the very admirable view he has produced on this occasion; and it affords to both an auspicious presage of future improvement, that to the unwearied industry, diligence, and ability already attached to the establishment, has been superadded the assiduity, talents, and acquirements of its new Secretary.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

On MR. CHANTREY'S MONUMENT OF TWO CHILDREN, exhibited 1817.

Yes, lovely Innocents, though o'er the bier
Your parents dropp'd the unavailing tear,
Time's soothing hand may cause those tears to cease,
And Hope's bright dream may sanctify their peace.
But if to marble it were ever given,
To imitate the purest work of Heaven;
If marble ever spoke to soul and eye,
From gasses drew the tear and heaving sigh;
Chantrey, the meed is thine—in future age,
From maiden Innocence to hoary sage,
All will attest the wonder-working power
That throws such charm round Death's event-
ful hour.

May, 1817.

W. J. R.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, July 18.—Messrs. Randall Proctor Burroughes and George Archdall, Bachelors of Arts, of Emmanuel College, were on the 4th instant elected Fellows of that Society.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

FASHIONABLE HINTS.

MR. EDITOR,—Understanding that your rural circulation is extensive, and doubting not that many of your rustic readers may long for Six Weeks in town, though they cannot have the Six Weeks at *Long's*, I beg leave, through your medium, to offer a few hints to all the members of the *Wronghead* family, in succession, for their deportment in search of notoriety, and shall now commence with *Sir Francis* and *my Lady*.

As *Sir Francis*, of course, wishes to be, or to be thought to be, a *Member of Parliament*, his task is easy and simple. *Take*, as Hannali Glasse says, a printed Parliamentary Bill, which you may get from an understrapper at the vote office,

or pick up at a pamphlet shop—and start for Charing Cross between the hours of 4 and 6. When opposite the man on horseback, pull out your Bill, and saunter along Whitehall until you approach Palace Yard. Then fold up your bill, put it carefully in your pocket, return to Charing Cross, and commence your saunter *de novo*, and my life for it, in half an hour you will be qualified for the Chiltern Hundreds!

Now for *my Lady*—the first object is how to give a *Crowded Rout*. If you mean only to ask real friends, pray take the smallest house you can find within a mile of Grosvenor Square; but if you mean to have, as it is called—"a few friends"—then take the largest mansion you can procure—send out three times as many cards as the house will contain—and you cannot fail of being crowded. Formerly, Madam, and perhaps even now with you in the country, it might be thought considerate to apportion your company to your apartments—now it is the easier way to accommodate your rooms to your company; therefore furniture will only be in the way, and if your rooms are so crowded that there is no room for the servants to enter, you may have the credit of having had every delicacy of the season for refreshment, without the trouble of sending for the confectioner. In former times, in days, or rather nights of hoop-petticoats, a dozen ladies could fill a drawing room, and keep the men at a distance, but then a crowded rout could be made up out of a very small number of carriages; happier are we at the present day, when our drawing rooms are no longer filled with the produce of the mercers' and tailors' shops, with satin and buckram, but with human bodies all alive, interspersed with a few muslin trains and superfine swallow tails.

It was formerly a geographical axiom that two bodies could not be in the same place; but thanks to modern dockings and loppings, half a dozen *bodies* can now be squeezed into the place of one; nay, an ingenious female friend of mine has contrived a method of putting double the number of bodies into the same space that any others of her acquaintance can perform. In fact she has only two small rooms, but then she takes care to ask friends of different sizes, and different protuberances, whom she places alternately, long and short, in each room, by which means all vacancies are filled up, the company can turn round as if upon pivots, and every body declares that it is vastly agreeable. Yours, &c.

QUIZ.

FRENCH MANNERS.

THE BEARNAIS.

[It may not be misplaced to remind our readers that these Essays are translations from the originals of the celebrated M. Jouy, as they appear in the *Mercur*.]

Before I reached the first stage, the roads became so execrable that I was twenty times inclined to think I should not escape alive.

After changing horses I got again into the carriage. The Adour was still before my eyes. The river, which is not very broad, was all that separated me from the Labour, and yet every thing had already a different aspect and appearance. I should have supposed myself a hundred leagues off but for the Adour and the Pyrenees, which continued at my side. Neither the women nor the men, neither the trees nor the shrubs, the horses nor the oxen, the houses nor the fields, the carts nor the ploughs, nothing in short resembles what I leave behind me. People are perhaps not sufficiently surprised at these varieties so striking and yet so near. To wonder at nothing appears fine; but to observe many things is more useful. . . . As I passed through Peyre-Hourade, a little town, a chateau flanked by two great towers made me curious to know, not to whom it belonged, but to whom it had belonged; for these chateaux, though very agreeable to their owners, are no longer of importance to any body, except as they relate to the ancient history of the monarchy. They told me at the post-office that it had been the property of Viscount Doria. This name of the Viscount Doria put me in mind of the brave commandant of Bayonne, who so proudly refused to obey those who ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and who expressed his refusal in such noble terms. "I have found in your good city of Bayonne only worthy citizens and brave soldiers, but not one assassin; command, Sir, things that are possible."

The first relay after Peyre-Hourade is Pujol, where the landscape first begins to assume the features peculiarly characteristic of Bearn. All that comes before rather resembles the Landes, the environs of Mont-de-Marsan, Roquefort and Basas. Here the frame of the picture, that is to say the mountains on one side and the hills on the other, limit and mark more distinctly the plains and gaves which extend or wind in their intervals. The agriculture of this country, where there is no fallow, and which is generally founded on a succession of wheat and maize, is particularly distinguished by great attention and great regularity in all the details. The most extensive fields are as carefully cultivated as gardens or parterres. All the intervals are drawn with a line. The Basque measures every thing by his eye; the Bearnais by the foot and the toise. The Basque has large habitations, in which he desires that himself and his family, among which he counts his animals, shall be at their ease; the Bearnais confines all in small dwellings, where by dint of order he finds room for every thing.

The Basque has a sort of careless confidence in himself, in nature, and in him to whom nature is only a handmaid: the Bear-

nais foresees, watches, and is provident without intermission; the next year is to him like the next day. In the look of the Basque, one sees that he is musing; in that of the Bearnais, that he is calculating. It is difficult to be more ingenious, more courageous than the Bearnais; but he is so in a great measure from a point of honour; he is so because he will not have it said that any body does better than he; whatever the Basque may be, he would be the same in a desert as on the theatre of the world. As for his courage he is no more proud of it than of his beard. A man who was necessarily a judge of these things said one day, "All the French are courageous, those of the South as much as those of the North; they are so in different manners rather than in different degrees." The Basque tirailleurs fire as if they were fighting a duel, but they must be permitted to run, leap and spring. The Bearnais and his neighbour of the Upper Pyrenees are fit for all kinds of fire.

In manual arts the Basques work very rapidly and well; the Bearnais slowly and better. As for the fine arts they are both too little versed in them to allow of a parallel; however, two men have carried to a high degree of perfection the French vocal music; Iellotte and Garat, the first a Bearnais, the second a Basque. But after the first it was still said in Italy that we did not know how to sing; it is no more said so after the second.

The Bearnais is the more amiable; the Basque loves much more ardently. In the smallest towns in Bearn there are assemblies; there are none in the great towns of the Labour. The Basque only knows how to live in the temples, in the public places, and in his family.

All the features of this parallel have been furnished to him who draws it, either by his own observations or by the information which he seeks and collects from all quarters.

BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

MADAME DE STAEL-HOLSTEIN.

Living, thank heaven, in a country where the sex are less addicted to political intrigue than in any other nation of Europe, we take up our pen this week to trace as correct a biography as our present means of information and the haste of the moment will allow, of a woman much distinguished in the annals of a neighbouring state, whether as descended from a parent deeply implicated in the Revolution, as herself participating largely in that terrible convulsion, as connected with its various factions and most famous leaders, or as a female author of the foremost rank in modern literature.

Last Saturday we announced the death of Madame de Stael-Holstein upon the 14th instant at Paris:—she had been long afflicted with a painful disorder, which carried her to the grave, in her fifty-second year, a few months after she had

witnessed the marriage of her daughter to the Duc de Broglie.

This is not the period for an analysis of the character or writings of this celebrated lady, though we look very speedily to lay such an Essay from a powerful mind before our readers: our purpose is simply to narrate facts, and if opinions are delivered they shall be only incidental.

Anne-Louise-Germaine Necker, was the daughter of James Necker, a Swiss, whose financial career and conduct contributed probably more than any other cause to accomplish the overthrow of the French monarchy, and of Susan Curchod, of whom we know little till she became the wife of Necker, except that she was the daughter of a Protestant clergyman in Switzerland, admired by the renowned Gibbon during his residence in that country, and at one time a governess in the family of De Vermeux. Wilhelmina was born at Paris in the year 1766, and, displaying what such parents might well consider to be precocity of talent, was educated entirely under their immediate inspection. The incipient fame of her father seems to have grown with her growth, and she must have been about 12 years of age, when, in consequence of his eulogy on Colbert (for which he was crowned by the Academy) and other publications, he was raised to the office of Director of the Finances. Necker, though of humble birth, being the son of a tutor in the college of Geneva, had previously realized a large fortune as a partner in the Parisian banking-house of Tellusson and Co. in which he originally set out as a clerk. His success as a private individual was taken as an augury of success as a public minister, which was miserably disappointed by the result. It is unnecessary to follow the fortunes of the father through the fluctuations of his ministerial life; now dismissed, and now recalled; now the staunch advocate for royalty and now the friend of the people; now "*the adored Minister*," and now the *abhorred* peculator; now borne in triumph from Basle to Paris on

¹ In Colman's "Eccentricities" there is a humorous story on this *amour*. Mad. Curchod is described as

"A philosophic Blonde, a Charmer wise, Studious, and plump, now languishing, now prim, Who, skilled most temptingly to syllogize, Chopped logic with a pair of large, blue, melting eyes."

The ascent of the lusty lover up the high hill skirting Lausanne, and the result of his courtship, is admirably told by our whimsical bard.

² "To the adored Minister," was inscribed on the gate of his hotel by popular admiration, and erased by popular abhorrence!!!

the shoulders of an enthusiastic nation, and now flying from Paris to Geneva amid the curses of an enraged populace. These things were common in France! Neither does it enter into our design to dwell upon the literary attainments of the mother—her charities and philanthropy. Suffice it to record that while Necker published political pamphlets, views of finance, and statements of administration, his spouse was no less devoted to works of benevolence, as is honourably testified by her "*Essay on precipitate Burials*," "*Observations on the founding of Hospitals*," and "*Thoughts on Divorce*."

Our chief, and indeed our only reason for touching on the progenitors of Madame Necker, is to account for her early predilection for literary pursuits. She was educated for an author. Her first perceptions were directed to science and literature. Her very infant ideas were associated with the intelligence of Marmontel, Diderot, Buffon, St. Lambert, Thomas, and all the learned of Paris, who formed the circles of her mother. Her talents were cultivated, her taste was modelled, the bent of her mind was given, her opinions were confirmed; in short her intellect was formed in this school; and the philosophy then prevalent in France, too often concealing dark principles under brilliant wit and lapsing from the light of reason into the perplexities of abstract metaphysics, became the dominating principle in her nature, and imparted the tone to all her writings and life. As variety and ambition were the ruling passions of her father, so was sentimental refinement and metaphysical confusion the besetting sin of her more amiable parent, and a disorganizing experimental philosophy, the object of inquiry with nearly all those associated with her "*young idea*" and "*tender thought*."

To these sources may be traced almost every feature which marks the faculties or distinguishes the writings of Madame de Stael. The events of the Revolution only drew them forth: they were implanted ere it commenced.

Mademoiselle Necker was little more than fourteen years of age when, in pursuit of his ambitious projects, her father published the memorable "*Account rendered to the King of his Administration*," which created so strong a sensation

³ It was undoubtedly the effect of this publication upon the mind of her daughter, which led to the wish she expressed before her death, to have her corpse attended for three days; which wish was fulfilled with filial duty by her son, Augustus de Stael.

throughout France, and led to the resignation of the author's official situation in 1781. He then retired to Copet, a barony in Switzerland which he had purchased, and six years elapsed before he re-appeared permanently on the public stage at Paris. In 1787, we find him in that capital, attacking Calonne; and the years 1788 and 1789 constitute the era which so intimately connected his history with the destinies of France and the annals of Europe.

It was during one of the occasional visits of the Necker family to Paris, prior to 1787, that Eric Magnus Baron de Stael, by birth a Swede, was introduced to their acquaintance by Count de Creutz, the Swedish Ambassador. He was young and handsome, and succeeded in pleasing, we know not that we can say gaining the affections of Mdlle. Necker, who consented to become his wife. Count de Creutz was shortly after recalled to Stockholm to be placed at the head of the Foreign Department, and Baron de Stael was appointed his successor. Thus dignified, and with the further recommendation of being a Protestant, his marriage was not delayed, and the rich heiress, to the chagrin of many French suitors, became Baroness de Stael-Holstein. We believe however that this union did not prove to be one of the most felicitous. The Lady was wealthy, young, and though not handsome, agreeable and attractive; she was rather under the middle size, yet graceful in her deportment and manners; her eyes were brilliant and expressive, and the whole character of her countenance betokened acuteness of intellect and talent beyond the common order. But she inherited to the utmost particle from her father the restless passion for distinction; and derived from the society in which she had lived not a little of that pedantry and philosophical jargon which was their foible and bane. Aiming more at literary fame than at domestic happiness, she was negligent in dress, and laboured in conversation; more greedy of applause from a coterie than solicitous about a husband's regard; more anxious to play "Sir Oracle" in public than to fulfil the sweet duties of woman in private; the wife was cold and the blue-stocking ardent; she spoke in apophthegms to admiring fashion, but delighted no husband with the charms of affectionate conversation; to be brilliant was preferred to being beloved, and to produce an effect upon the many was sacrificed to the higher enjoyment of being adored by the few. The Baron de Stael was a man on the contrary of remarkable simplicity

of habit and singleness of heart. The opposite nature of their dispositions could not fail soon to affect connubial harmony; and though four children were the issue of this marriage, and what are called public appearances were maintained till the death of the Baron, it is generally understood that there was little of communion between him and his Lady beyond the legal ties of their state. Their bodies and not their souls were united.

In August, 1787, Madame de Stael was delivered of her first daughter, and immediately after accompanied her father in his exile, which was of short duration. Her other children were two sons and a daughter. Two only survive her.—One of her sons lost his life in a duel.

The year 1789 is designated as the epoch at which Madame de Stael embarked upon the stormy sea of literature, by the publication of her "Letters on the Writings and Character of J. J. Rousseau." But previous to this period she was well known to the Parisian world by the composition of several slight dramatic pieces, which were performed by private amateurs, by three short novels published afterwards, 1795, at Lausanne,¹ and by a tragedy founded on the story of Lady Jane Grey, which obtained considerable circulation among friends and admirers.² Her reputation was therefore no secret, when her first public appeal was made.—The letters on Rousseau met with great success, and the budding fame of the writer was attended with all the eclat usual among our continental neighbours. This triumph was however abridged and embittered by the critical and rapid advance of the Revolution. On the 11th of July M. Necker was involved more desperately in its vortex. While seated at dinner with a party of friends, the Secretary of State for the Naval Department waited upon him to intimate his banishment from the territory of France. Madame de Stael, whose whole life has been erratic, accompanied her parents in their hurried exile. A new political turn recalled them by the time they reached Frankfort, and Necker was once more re-instated in the administration,

¹ 12mo. pp. 140. The later editions have a letter of the Countess de Vassy, and Mad. de Stael's answer. The author also published "A Short Reply to the Author of a Long Answer"—a defence of the work against an anonymous criticism by Mr. Champgenet.

² The title is "Collection of Detached Pieces," and the "Essay on Fiction," written long after the novels, and a "Poetic Epistle to Misfortune," inspired by the Reign of Terror form part of the contents of this volume.

³ Only a few copies were printed.

in which he remained fifteen months, and was then driven from office for ever to the retirement of Copet, where he died on the 9th of April, 1804.

Madame de Stael, who had gone to Copet in 1790, returned on the following year to Paris, and took an active part in the intrigues of that eventful period. Whether she plotted to save or to dethrone the king is not for our present inquiry; but at this time she formed or matured intimacies with Talleyrand, Sieyes, Lafayette, Narbonne, the ungrateful Lameths,³ Barnave, Vergniaud, and other characters distinguished for the parts they played in the Constituent, Legislative, and other bodies, whose operations nourished the germ of discontent into the tree of liberty. As the wife of an Ambassador she was protected from the first violent shocks of revolution; but the bloody ascendancy of Robespierre rendered all protection vain, and in 1793 the Baron and Baroness de Stael found it expedient to fly together to Copet. The Duke of Sudermania, Regent of Sweden, having acknowledged the Republic, M. de Stael was appointed ambassador, and in 1795 returned with his lady to Paris. About this date she published her "Thoughts on Peace, addressed to Mr. Pitt;"³ and is believed to have exercised a powerful influence over the manoeuvres which distracted the governments of several ensuing years, especially as connected with the Directory. Legendre, the butcher who, on the 22nd of June, 1795, began to declaim against the "spirit of moderation" which he said was gaining ground, more than once denounced Madame de Stael and her party as directing the political intrigues of that time.

A domestic calamity varied the public tenor of her existence. She was summoned to attend the death-bed of her mother, to soothe whose affliction, it is stated, she was playing on a musical instrument a few moments only before she expired. On this melancholy occasion, Madame de Stael flew to her pen for consolation; a resource to which she appears always to have applied when pressed by care or grief, or smarting under the charges which party did not fail to heap upon her, or soured by the animadversions of critics to which she was uncommonly sensitive. At Lausanne she composed

¹ She wrote a Defence of Marie-Antoinette in 1793.

² The mother of the Lameths was of the Broglie family, into which Madlle. de Stael has just married.

³ Sir F. D'Ivernois' Thoughts on War was an answer to this work.

the first part of the essay "On the Influence of the Passions upon the Happiness of Individuals and Nations," which was published at Paris in 1796, and the second part in 1797. This production is reckoned one of her best, and was translated, in 1798, into English; a language in which the writer was well versed, as indeed she was in English literature generally, far beyond the usual acquirements of a foreigner.

Madame de Stael was with her father when the French troops invaded Switzerland; and though he had been placed on the Emigrant list by Robespierre, and consequently exposed to death wherever the troops came, his daughter's influence with the Directory was sufficient to secure him not only safety, but respect, and the erasure of his name from this sanguinary roll. She then returned to Paris and her husband; but in a few months, either tired by the persecutions to which she was exposed, or prompted by some other motive, hastened back to the repose of Copet. In 1798, the dangerous illness of the Baron de Stael recalled her to Paris, where she received his last sigh, and soon left the metropolis for Switzerland. After this period she published an essay "On the Influence of Literature upon Society," which may be considered as a continuation of the two last mentioned works. In 1800, Buonaparte, in passing through Geneva, had the curiosity to visit M. Necker, and, according to rumour, Madame de Stael took this opportunity to read him a long dissertation on the course he ought to pursue for the prosperity of France. The First Consul, it is added, who did not relish the political plans of ladies, listened to her very patiently, and in the end coolly inquired "who educated her children!"

The well-known novel of Delphine, written during this retirement, was printed at Geneva in 1802, and excited great attention in England, France, and Germany; where it has been translated, attacked, criticised, and praised, according to the wants or humours of the parties. The author published a defence of her work.

In 1803, she revisited Paris, and formed that connection with Mr. Benjamin Constant, a Swiss of considerable literary attainments, which lasted to the day of her death. Whether for past or present offences is not easy to tell, but Napoleon was not slow in banishing her to the distance of forty leagues from the capital. Report says that on this occasion the Lady told him: "You are giving me a cruel celebrity; I shall occupy a line in your history."—This sentence is so am-

biguous that we shall not venture to pronounce whether it was a defiance or a compliment! Madame de Stael first went to Auxerre, which she left for Rouen, and with an intention to settle in the valley of Montmorency, in search, as she gave out, of more agreeable society. But Rouen and Montmorency were within the forty leagues, and Buonaparte was not accustomed to have his prohibitions infringed upon. She was ordered to withdraw, and, in company with her daughter, and protector Mr. Constant, journeyed to Frankfort, and thence to Prussia, where she applied herself to the cultivation of German literature. From Berlin in 1804 she hastened to Copet, on receiving intelligence of her father's danger; but he died before she reached the place. A mortality in her family invariably consigned our subject to the occupation of the study. At Geneva in the year 1805 issued the "Manuscripts of Mr. Necker, published by his Daughter."

Still further to divert her mind, she next travelled into Italy, and collected materials for perhaps her most celebrated work, "Corinna, or Italy," which has been translated into many languages. Having returned to Geneva, Madame de Stael amused herself with appearing upon the stage in 1806, and performed in tragedy with considerable skill. There is a drama from her pen, called "Secret Sentiment," but we do not know its date.¹ She has also given to the world a work entitled "Germany,"* embodying her observation on that country. It has provoked some controversy. "Letters and Reflections of the Prince de Ligne," in two volumes;² an "Essay on Suicide;" and several minor publications, as well as many contributions to the periodical press in Geneva, Paris, and elsewhere, complete the catalogue of her productions.

Madame de Stael has twice visited England; formerly during the revolutionary conflict, when she resided in a small Gothic house at Richmond, which is visible from the river above the bridge; and again about three years ago. During her stay in London, she was much courted by persons of the highest rank and of all parties. Some of her bon-mots are in circulation, but we can neither vouch for

¹ Since writing this we have ascertained that this piece was composed in 1786, and the Tragedy of Lady Jane Gray in 1787. About the same time Madame de Stael wrote an "Eulogy on Guibert," not published but quoted in the Correspondence of Baron Grimm.

² This work was suppressed by Buonaparte, and subsequently published in London, from a copy secreted by the author in 1814.

³ Translated into English by Mr. D. Boileau.

their authenticity nor have we left ourselves space for their repetition.

The party in France with which she was most intimately connected at the time of her decease, is that known by the name of the "Constitutionnel." The *Mercur*, we have reason to believe, recorded the latest of her opinions and the last tracings of her prolific pen.

Faithful to the promise with which we set out, we shall *now* refrain entirely from discussing the merits or demerits of her life and writings.³ These merits assuredly raise her to a foremost rank among the female authors of our age; and these demerits, whether springing from "susceptibility of being misled," as urged by her father, from the pernicious inculcations of modern philosophy, or from — but we will not proceed: her earthly account is just closed, and her frailties with her sorrows alike repose in trembling hope awaiting the decision of an immortal tribunal.²

MELÉNDEZ, THE SPANISH ANACREON.

Spain has just lost one of its most celebrated poets. M. Juan Meléndez Valdez, born of a noble family at Ribera, a little town in Estremadura, studied at the University of Salamanca. At the age of 22 he received the degree of Doctor of Laws, but by the reading of the Greek, Latin, French, and Italian Classics, he was already preparing himself to become the head and the model of modern poetry in Spain. He might have pretended to a Professorship of Law at Salamanca; he preferred and obtained a Professorship of Belles Lettres. In 1780, his "*Panegyric on a Country Life*," was crowned by the Spanish Academy, though the celebrated Yriarte was a competitor for the prize. Some time after another prize was adjudged to his "*Bathylus*." The first volume of his poems obtained him the title of the Spanish Anacreon. In 1789 Meléndez was appointed Judge in the Court of Appeal at Saragossa: in 1797 he was called to the capital, to fill the office of King's Attorney-General in the Supreme Court of Criminal

¹ We beg permission to annex in a note a neat and epigrammatic opinion on these points, for which we are indebted to a very able countryman of M. de Stael.

"Née à Paris d'un père Gènevois, et ayant épousé un Suédois, Madame de Stael sembla réunir en elle les qualités particulières des trois nations qui sembloient avoir influé sur son existence. On trouve dans ses ouvrages le brillant de l'imagination Française, la métaphysique de Genève, et les principes littéraires particulièrement adoptés dans le Nord de l'Europe."

² Madame de Stael was one of the writers in the "Biographie Universelle," in which the articles "Aspasie, Camoens, Cleopatra," &c. are from her pen. Two letters from her to Talma appeared in a *Bordeaux Journal* about a month ago. She was upon the point of publishing "Considerations on the respective situation of France and England in 1813," at the time of her decease. We take it for granted that it will be edited.

Justice. This same year he published two new volumes of poems, consisting of sacred and philosophical odes, elegies, epistles, a little poem on the fall of Luzbel, and a comedy or pastoral on the wedding of Oamaché. Though none of the other works of Melendez can boast the degree of excellence which is admired in his Anacreontics, they all deserve to be read; because they all possess a delicate and lively imagination, natural sentiments, ingenious thoughts, an elegant style, and a happy union of philosophy and poetry, which have rendered him the worthy rival of a Garcelasso, a Herrera, a Leon, a Rioja, and a Villegas.

The Muses are alarmed by the din of arms. At the time of the first troubles in Spain, Melendez was on a mission in the Asturias; and being in imminent danger of perishing in a popular commotion, he sought protection in the French army. Soon after a new master was imposed upon Spain, and Melendez had the misfortune to serve a foreign ruler. He was made Counsellor of State and Director-General of Public Instruction. When the French were obliged to evacuate the Peninsula, Melendez withdrew into France. He beheld no more that brilliant sun, the beams of which had animated his genius. He died very lately, at Montpellier, in the arms of his wife, and of a nephew who came voluntarily to share his exile. At the moment when he was snatched away from the literary world, he was preparing a new edition of his works, to which two volumes would have been added. The friends of Spanish literature hope, that his unpublished pieces, which were to form a part of this collection, will soon be published separately.

THE FINE ARTS.

The season of the year and not the disposition of the Literary Gazette is to blame, if our department of the Fine Arts is at present only meagre and unrequited. In fact there is little or nothing new to attract the public regard.

We must except however a noble picture just opened as an Exhibition in Pall Mall, "The Last Supper," ascribed to *Leonardo da Vinci*. This grand composition offers much for examination, and we shall devote a portion of our next Number to the subject. But we could not deny ourselves the earliest opportunity of announcing where a spectacle so interesting to the Arts is to be seen. On Thursday, when we visited the Gallery, many of the chief Members of the Royal Academy, with their venerable President, had assembled to view this sublime production, and, until we deliver our own sentiments in detail, it is but justice to observe that they were unanimous in their expressions of admiration: thus confirming the fame which the picture has obtained not only in Italy but among the connoisseurs, and the learned of all countries. We can scarcely refrain from dwelling on the variety and power of expression, the noble simplicity, and all the other excellencies of this great and ancient chef-d'œuvre of the painter's art.

Whether the sole production of Oggiano,

the most successful pupil of this great master, or whether it received its finishing and sublimest touches from his hand, may be a matter for inquiry, but neither impairs nor adds to the intrinsic merits of the work.

The original picture, as is well known to artists, was painted on the wall of a religious house, and was soon almost obliterated. This copy, it has been confessed, nobly supplied its place, and rendered the loss less to be lamented; and there are good reasons for believing that it was painted for the illustrious patron of Leonardo, Francis the First of France. It is now the property of a citizen of Milan; and while we think with regret on the disastrous turns of human fortune which led to this wonderful change of proprietorship, we cannot but rejoice in any chance which has brought so rich a treasure to a country whence we trust it will never depart again.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—On Tuesday night we visited the Haymarket, but instead of seeing, as announced by the bills, Matthews play *Rover* in *Wild Oats*, witnessed *Rover* display Matthews to our great entertainment. Not unfrequently doomed to sit out a regular drama regularly cast, from which we retire under the absolute dominion of ennui, we do not feel that an innovation like the present on what has been justly called a five-act farce, and from the performance of which we derived much amusement, demands splenetic criticism. It is no doubt true that we had mimicry rather than acting, but it was really astonishing how little the business of the piece was interrupted by the imitations. The part of *Rover* indeed, a strolling player ever quoting favourite passages from dramatic writings, is propitious to the use to which it was now put—so much so that we are not quite sure that these imitations are out of character. It is but one step beyond the usual course. Other *Rovers* deliver their shreds of Shakespeare personating those in whose mouths the bard has put them; Matthews only personates the personators. And then he does so with so much accuracy and whim, that the resemblance is at once forced upon the audience, heightened with exactly the degree of humorous caricature to lay the wrinkle of mirth on that smooth brow of complacency which rarely fails to reward the successful mimic. The satisfaction with which men contemplate the exertion of this talent is easily accounted for in human nature, and were we inclined to philosophical disquisition we should desire no better theme than to demonstrate how precious the levelling it involves is to some of our least noble passions. For this time we shall attribute it all to delight in what is extraordinary, and to admiration of the artist's skill.

In other hands it might be said we recognised the principal objects of imitation, but it would be doing injustice to the talents of Matthews, not to acknowledge that in the present instance we recognised them all. Nor can we determine which was the best. By turns he was Kemble, Kean, Fawcett,

Jones, Blanchard, Bannister, Munden, Ingleton, and poor old Dicky Gossip Suett. There were others too of less note, but not less truly copied, and the applause bestowed was as hearty as it was unanimous.

The rest of the dramatis personæ were very ably supported. Terry, one of the most judicious actors upon the stage, performed Sir George Thunder. Tokely is rather coarse, but his John Dory possessed a good deal of humour. Ephraim Smooth permitted Watkinson to make several hits, but there was occasionally broader grimace and a deeper accent than sound discretion warranted. Butler shewed considerable talent for parts of rustic simplicity in *Sim*—these characters are more difficult than the generality of play-goers are aware of; the slightest overcharge in the grotesque renders them offensive, and the slightest failure in the pathetic, ridiculous. Harry Thunder, Barnard; Farmer Gammon, Martin; Banks, Foote; Lamp, Menage, were all respectable; and we never desire to see a better Bailiff than his representative—in the Haymarket. We are ashamed to speak of the ladies after such a person, and especially as we must be short with them. But we shall endeavour to preserve their good graces by being also sweet:—Mrs. Glover's Lady Amaranth was excellent, and Mrs. Gibbs's Jane inimitable!

A new Comedy from the pen of Mr. Jameson is expected to be brought out by Tuesday or Wednesday. Tokely we hear has another good Crockery character.

NEW ENGLISH OPERA.

There have been two first appearances at this Theatre: should the candidates be encouraged to proceed in their theatrical course, we shall give them due notice in our next.

DIGEST OF POLITICS AND NEWS.

[Intended as a Record of Facts and not of Opinions.]

There are indications in public matters of only secondary consequence, which afford surer evidence of the character of a country than can be gathered from affairs of the highest importance. In the latter the interests of rival nations clash and perplex the testimony, in the former it runs uninterruptedly in its natural channel, and the tribute is paid to virtue, or the sword is yielded to power, or the arbitrament is referred to justice. This generally applicable axiom has been suggested to our minds by a determination of the Diet of Frankfort exceedingly honourable to Great Britain. Upon the subject of the piracies of the Barbary States in the North Seas the Diet has not only acknowledged the spirit of England in commanding these robbers, upon pain of chastisement, to steer far from her shores in their lawless cruises, but has resolved to solicit her, through the mediation of

Austria and Prussia, and all the Powers of Europe, to establish as a principle of international law, that these African cruizers shall be treated as pirates if found out of the Mediterranean. "The complete success of the whole affair (adds the report on this subject) depends, in the opinion of the Committee, principally upon the powerful co-operation of England."

On the 4th instant Prince Oscar, the son of Bernadotte, became of age, according to the laws of Sweden, by entering his eighteenth year. The event was observed with royal ceremonies.

Pernambuco, as we anticipated in our last No., has been restored to the authority of the King of Portugal. There seems to have been two days fierce and sanguinary fighting, on the 18th and 19th of May, which terminated in the discomfiture of the revolters, and the entrance of the royal forces into Pernambuco under the command of the Bahian General D'Arcos: Martin or Martinez the rebel leader has fled into the woods; his brother was killed, together with many other partizans.—We have seen letters from the Brazils, which state that there was not much bloodshed. The actions were rather skirmishing than regular affairs, and the royal cause was rendered triumphant by a rising of the loyal inhabitants within the city, while the insurgents were engaged without.

In the course of last week Brussels was more than once thrown into some confusion by riots in the markets for provisions. The populace enforced the sale of several articles of consumption at low prices, and it was found necessary to call in the aid of the military to restore tranquillity and order.

The Swiss Diet met at Berne, on the 7th inst. The President's opening speech describes the Confederation as eminently tranquil and prosperous.

The Ribbon of the Garter, vacant by the death of the Duke of Northumberland, has been conferred by the Prince Regent on Earl Bathurst, Secretary of State for War and Colonies.

[The authentic news of the week is so scanty as to afford us only this slight sketch, independent of what finds place among our *Varieties*.]

VARIETIES.

ANIMAL POISONS.—It unfortunately happens that science is too often at war with humanity; and we turn with disgust from the spectacle of martyred dogs and cats under the knife and stop-watch of experimental surgery. Yet where the result of experiments promises benefit to mankind, fair al-

lowances must be made for apparent cruelty. Upon that principle, we have observed with some interest the result of experiments in regard to the Poison of Vipers, which has been administered to pigeons and other birds internally, without any deleterious consequences; whilst the smallest quantity introduced into the system by punctures has been almost instantly fatal. The natural conclusion is, that the instant sucking of a viper bite may extract the venom, without any personal danger to the operator.

AGRICULTURE.—Some very useful hints on the culture of the parsnip, have recently been offered to the agricultural world by Dr. Macculloch, who strongly recommends a sedulous imitation of the German practice in regard to that root. It appears that a good crop in Germany will yield about 44,000lbs. per English acre; certainly a lighter crop than the turnip affords, but much superior in point of utility, when we consider that the quantity of saccharine, mucilaginous, and consequently nutritious matter in the parsnip bears a much greater proportion to the quantity of water contained, than it does in the turnip. In Germany it is considered also as the best fallow.

The Dey of Tripoli has presented the Prince Regent with such remains of antiquity as are removable at Lebyda, which is famous for being the site of Carthage. These ancient monuments are represented as highly curious, and illustrative of that once splendid capital.

ZADIG SAID TO BE A PLAGIARISM.

Extract from Jorgenson's Travels in France and Germany, lately published.

The following anecdote of that extraordinary man, which came to my knowledge during my stay in Germany, is so little known in this country, that I send it for insertion in the Literary Gazette. I was one day conversing with a German gentleman, who is deeply skilled in all branches of literature, and had studied the French and English authors with great attention. Voltaire accidentally became the subject of conversation: I mentioned, that the great Frenchman had displayed a wonderful versatility of genius; but nothing struck me so much as the variations of his style, when writing on different topics—I mentioned Zadig as an instance: who would believe the author of this small volume to be the same man that had written the History of Charles XII. or the Letters on the English nation, if we were not well informed of the fact? The German, without intending to detract, in the least, from Voltaire's reputation, informed me, that the original Zadig was actually written some centuries back by a Persian philosopher. A copy had found its way into the East Indies, whence it was transmitted to England; where it lay without notice, till it accidentally fell into the hands of Voltaire; who published it as the production of his own fancy.

POPULATION OF PARIS.—A Census of Paris has just been published. It states that the City contains 37,371 houses, 227,252 families, and 715,595 individuals. This gives eight families and a half to each

house, and not much more than three persons to each family—an extraordinary result of population!!

The celebrated mineralogist, WERNER, is dead. The day of his death is not stated, but the Paris papers quote a letter from Dresden, as to the fact. "His name," says the letter, "was known from the iron mines of Siberia to those of gold in Peru."

ROME, JUNE 9.—The workmen employed in the Campo Vaccino, are diligently pursuing their labours: the monument near the Capitol is clearing, but slowly, on account of the great quantity of earth which covers it. A large trench has been dug, which goes to the Arch of Septimius Severus, to discover the *Via sacra* which led to the Capitol. The sub-basement of the *Colonnade of Phocas* is almost entirely visible; on the high steps which lead to it, there are two little monuments in the form of altars, on which are Greek and Latin inscriptions. It is the Duchess of Devonshire who defrays the expense of this excavation, as the Portuguese Ambassador does that of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans.

The works undertaken on the right of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, go on briskly; one sees now a wall forming a segment of a circle; from the description of the Rostra, it may be a part of that building.

Letters from Bourges of the 13th, state, that the preceding evening, between four and five o'clock, a terrible hail storm greatly injured the country between the rivers Arnon and Auron, in the vicinity of St. Ambrose; the hailstones were as large as pigeon's eggs, and fell with the most destructive violence. The harvest, and the other produce of the fields in the neighbourhood, were entirely destroyed in less than an hour.

The King of Prussia arrived at the Carlsbad on the 1st July.

The corn harvest has been so abundant in Sicily, that his Neapolitan Majesty has, by a Royal Decree, permitted the exportation of the new wheat.

An Italian Journal contains the following calculations on the probabilities of human life. The writer supposes the earth to be peopled by a thousand millions of individuals, who all die within the space of a century. Thirty-three years are allotted to each generation; consequently 33,333,333 individuals die yearly, 91,324 daily, 3808 hourly, 65 every minute, and 1 every second; 37,037,037 individuals are born in a year, 101,471 in a day, 4228 in an hour, 70 in a minute, and 1 in a second.

Out of 1000 children who are born within the same period, only 740 will survive at the termination of a year, in three years 600, in five years 584, in ten years 540, in thirty years 446, in sixty years 226, in eighty years 49, in ninety years 11, in ninety-five years 9, and in ninety-seven years 1.

From the above tables the author concludes that one half of the children who are brought into the world, die before they attain the age of seventeen. Out of one thousand individuals, only one will live to be a hundred years of age.

The following is the number of men in

different countries, on an equal space of ground:

In Iceland, 1; in Sweden, 14; in Turkey, 36; in Poland, 39; in Spain, 63; in Ireland, 99; in Switzerland, 114; in Germany, 127; in England, 152; in France, 160; in Upper Italy, 172; in Naples, 192; in Venice, 196; in Holland, 224; and in Malta, 1103. What an astonishing difference with respect to the population of Iceland and Malta!

An experiment is making on the Seine, under the inspection of the Institute, of a new constructed boat, with oars, which is described as possessing all the advantages of the steam-boat without any of its inconveniences and dangers. One man, placed in this oar-boat, is sufficient to urge it onwards with full rapidity, by a handle which resembles the rounce of a printing-press, and which gives motion to the wheels. It is added, that a single horse, instead of a man, would be sufficient for carrying the greatest weight.

The following statement will best illustrate the disappointment the Emigrants meet with on their arrival at New York:

"EMIGRATION.—Statement shewing the number of British subjects who lately left Great Britain and Ireland for the United States of America, and who received between the 10th March and 10th May, 1817, passports to entitle them to grants of land, from James Buchanan, Esq. his Majesty's Consul at New York, to proceed to British North America, chiefly to Upper Canada:—Farmers, 87; Labourers, 31; Manufacturers, 43; Mechanics, 186—Women, 185; Children, 456.—Total, 988.—Of this number, English, 329; Scots, 178; Irish, 481.—Total, with 340 last Autumn, 1328.—Number of applications approved by the Consul, up to the 30th May, 1658."

The Resolutions proposed at the first meeting of the Catholic Board, Dublin, on Saturday last, for a letter of complaint and remonstrance to the See of Rome, upon the indignity offered by the temporal authorities of the Court of Rome to the very respectable delegate of the Catholics of Ireland, the Rev. Mr. Hayes, and demanding that he may be immediately recalled—were carried unanimously.

The *New York Advertiser* of the 17th of June contains the following account of the shock of an earthquake:

"ST. STEVEN'S, (N.B.) JUNE 4.—Yesterday morning, about a quarter past three o'clock, we had a severe shock of an earthquake; its direction was from S.W. to N.E. which time the earth was in motion about one minute and a half, the tops of houses were thrown down, others were much cracked, doors unlocked, chairs and tables set in motion, and the vessels in the river shook like a leaf."

A letter from Vienna of the 2nd instant states, that the Mountain of Hausruck, in Upper Austria, has suddenly disappeared, and been replaced by a lake. Some houses were destroyed in consequence, and several persons are stated to have perished.

The *Constitutionnel* informs its readers that the celebrated Billaud de Varrenes is now at St. Domingue, where Petion has en-

trusted him with the management of a journal entitled, "The Historical and Political Annals of Hayti."

NATURAL GLAUBER'S SALT.—A traveller has lately discovered a natural Glauber's Salt on the plains (or deserts) near Iassy, in Moldavia. It is well known that Glauber's Salt is a production of Art; but here it appears as a production of Nature. The traveller in question remarked on his way from Mobilew to Iassy, and also in the countries near the Pruth, that the hollows were in some places of a greyish appearance, from being covered with a white dust. He collected some of this white grey earth, and brought it to Moscow, where it was examined; and gave the following result. The earth is grey, crumbling, easily reduced to powder, internally blackish, and the outside coat of a salt cool taste. Chemically analyzed, two ounces of this grey Salt-earth afforded, by the dry strong distillation, a liquor of 80 grains, which was a solution of Sal Ammoniac, and 10 grains of sublimated Sal Ammoniac. The remainder (sediment) being mixed with water gave half an ounce and 50 grains of pure crystallized Glauber's Salt. The earth weighed still an ounce and a half and 40 grains. Treated with double the weight of English Oil of Vitriol it afforded two drachms of Alum, and 12 grains of Selenite. What remained was gravelly earth (Kiesclerde) mixed with some dephlogisticated ferruginous and calcareous earth. (Eisenerde and Kalkerde). It appears therefore that this earth of Iassy would well reward the trouble of preparing Glauber's Salt from it upon the spot.

CURE FOR THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—The *Piedmontese Gazette* of the 8th, contains the following:—

"Thanks to the exertions of the celebrated professor BRUGNATELLI, (at Florence) there is at length discovered an efficacious remedy against the most terrible of all maladies, canine madness. This remedy consists of *hydroclore* (liquid oxygenated muriatic acid) used internally as well as externally: the wounds caused by the bite of mad animals are to be washed with it. It appears that this substance destroys the hydrophobic poison, even when used several days after the fatal bite. Numerous cures, incontestable and authentic, which have been effected by this extremely simple method, in the great hospital of Lombardy, leave no doubt as to the power of this specific."

Two miles from the Gate of St. Sebastian, on the declivity of a little hill, there has lately been discovered an Antique Villa. This habitation evidently appears to have been burnt and plundered. A large court, surrounded by a piazza, lights the ground story on three sides only; the fourth side forms an open portico, with a double range of columns, which faces a little valley: beautiful mosaics, in good preservation, adorn almost all the apartments: one represents a vessel surrounded by tritons and sea monsters: the others have several compartments. The walls are for the most part covered with marble in the lower part. The portico or piazza round the court is covered with paint-

ings in pannels and borders, which are not well executed. A staircase leads to a higher story, where some beautiful fragments of a female statue have been found. The excavations here are still going on.

Opposite this villa, on the other side of the valley, an ancient house has been discovered, of which only one apartment is visible, with mosaic in figures. It is hoped that something interesting will be found, because several vases have been discovered entire, in a kind of subterraneous gallery.

By the Quebec Paper of the 19th ult. we find that the House of Assembly has been prorogued from the 2d of July to the 1st of September. It contains one article of intelligence, that may be useful to those deluded and deluding persons, who fly to America as a country where they hope to better their condition. It appears that Mr. Buchanan, the British Consul at New York, had arrived at Quebec to concert measures with his Excellency the Governor for the future disposal of Emigrants who may arrive in the United States. The nature of the proposed arrangement is stated to be for their conveyance to Upper Canada. The expense is estimated at five dollars and a half each adult, and half that amount for children.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FRANKLIN'S CORRESPONDENCE AND LADY MORGAN'S "FRANCE." One readers will be pleased to hear, that Octavo Editions of these interesting works have just made their appearance.

The Second and concluding Volume of DR. WATKINS' LIFE of the late RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN will appear early next week.

We understand that the very curious Manuscripts of the celebrated John Evelyn are preparing for publication.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Biographical Memoir of Madame de Stael has so far occupied our columns, that we are under the necessity of postponing the insertion of many communications. The Biographies of several distinguished persons are in preparation.

Some confusion having arisen in consequence of Gentlemen who contribute to the various departments of this Journal, as well as others being addressed as the organs of communication, or as responsible for its contents, we beg leave to refer to our Imprint for the proper mode of communication, and to say, that it is uncandid and erroneous to fix upon Individuals as the Writers of Articles, in a publication which boasts a little Republic of Literature.

The necessary researches alone have prevented the Conclusion of W. C.'s Observations on GLASS-PAINTING. As soon as some promised documents are obtained, the article will be finished and inserted in our earliest ensuing publication.

"The Rostrum," &c. shall appear as early as possible; there was no lecture last week owing to the indisposition of Mr. Ogilvie.

Our publishers having received during the past week the names of a considerable number of new Subscribers to the *Literary Gazette*, we beg to acquaint those who wish to have it complete, that it may be had either in Parts or in Numbers, from the commencement in January, 1817.